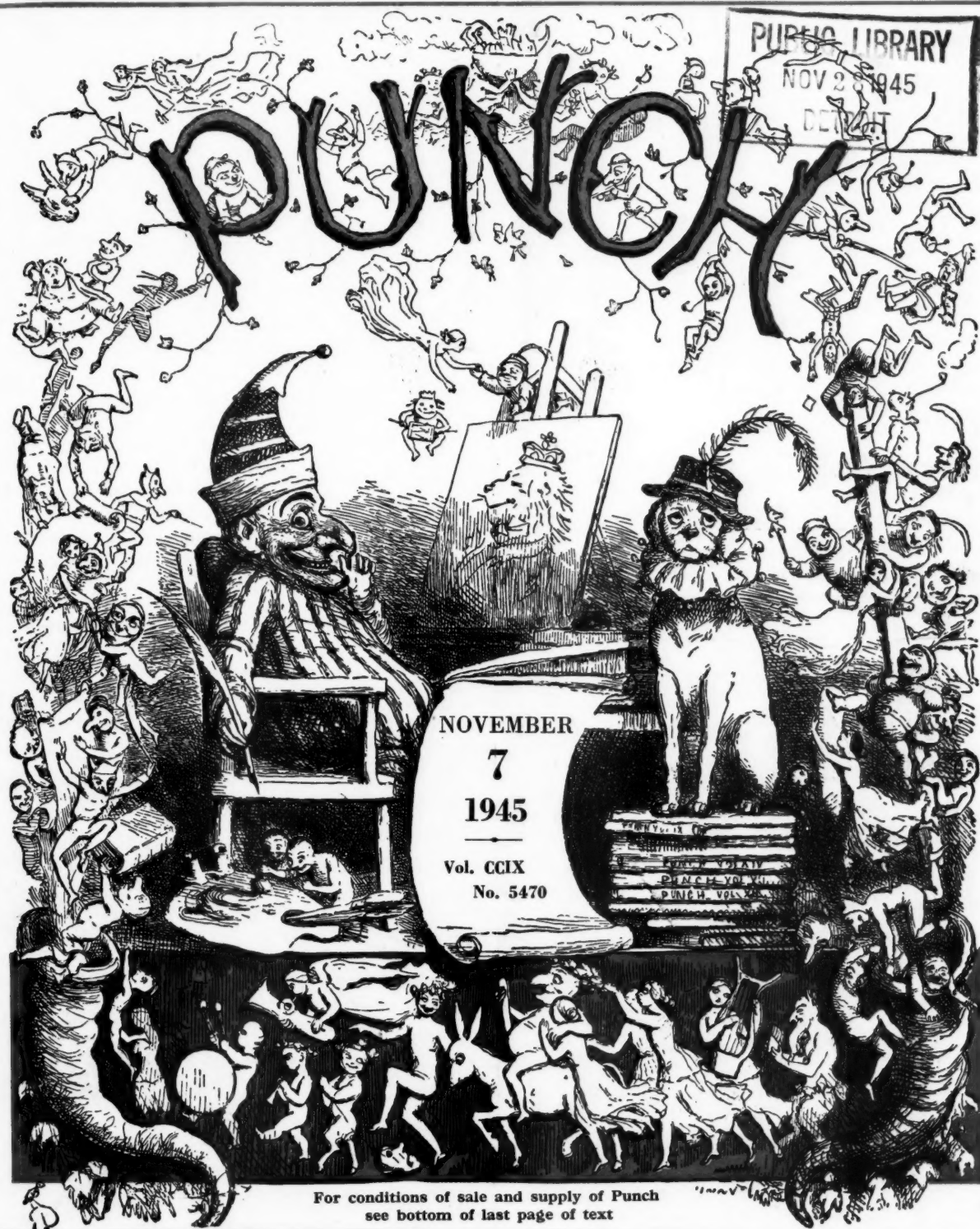


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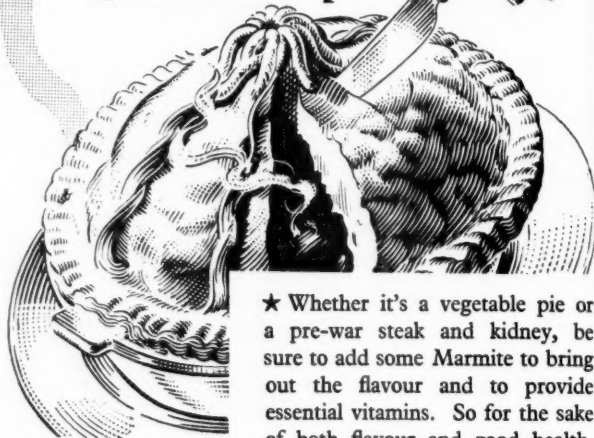
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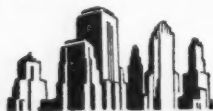
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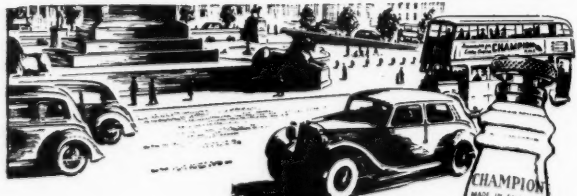
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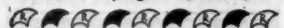
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PUNCH

Or

The London Charivari



Vol. CCIX No. 5470

November 7 1945

Charivaria

"You can learn what a man's character is by the books on his shelves," says a psychologist. If some of them are your books, you knew it before.

Synthetic penicillin is foreshadowed. Thus science reduces another of its stars to the rank of stand-in.

The removal of the purchase tax on refrigerators means that they are now unobtainable at 33½ per cent. less cost than before.

"Try to banish that Monday morning feeling," urges a psychologist. It's simple, really, once you have realized that what was in the Sunday morning's papers won't occur again until the following Sunday morning.



Cries of "Oh!"

"Position of trust required.
Cashier desires change."
Advt. in daily paper.

Sandhurst has received its first batch of women recruits. They are learning how to shout "You broke your father's heart . . ."

A judge recently said he had never been in a telephone-box. He should try it. He would find that his closing remarks would lack that unemotional calm so characteristic of a judicial summing-up in court.

The Ministry of Food announces that chimney sweeps are to have extra soap. This is an economy when it is remembered that not so very long ago this announcement might have been made by the Ministry of Information.

Hollywood is making such revolutionary efforts to retain and expand its markets that at any time now we may be getting the most outstanding film of the century this week instead of next.

Politicians are still warning us against undue optimism. Official pessimists seem to agree that things are almost bound to get a little better before they get worse.

"Is peace really with us?" wonders a reader. Yes, we think so; it's the genuine article. The trouble is that most of us are having difficulty in recognizing it after six years.

Not long ago a man asked the House of Commons policeman if the place was the Horticultural Hall. He was a by-election candidate looking for the right rosette.

According to an item in the *Sunday Express*, man may soon be able to create mountains. Maybe; but wouldn't the world be a happier place if he concentrated on a mole-hill or two for a change?



An Indian maharajah has sold an eighteen-months-old Labrador for £375. It was developing fads for expensive biscuits.

"The situation in Venezuela is very confused."—*B.B.C. news bulletin.*
Why pick on Venezuela?

This year it is feared the West End will be without its customary pantomime. Someone threatens to write new gags into it.

Home Hints

On Minor Repairs

POSTMEN do not carry screwdrivers. This is a fact which I have only learned by experience, and even so, I am generalizing from a particular instance. Yet we may take it, I think, as a general rule governing our everyday life, that my statement is correct.

The whole thing began with the door-knob—I mean the door-knob of the bathroom door. When the knob came off, and the little thing that fastens it to the axle, lever, handle or what you will, could not be found anywhere, and nobody could spare the time and the manpower to come to my house and attend to it, the rather headstrong decision was made to carry the whole apparatus round to the business premises of a door-knob dealer and leave it there.

So far so good. But it was now necessary to remember—when bathing—not to shut the bathroom door. Memory is a queer thing, and it was probably the fact that my mind was busy with the problem of what I should do if I accidentally shut the bathroom door while I was inside the bathroom that caused me immediately to do so.

One thing, it has been wisely observed, leads to another. Only after shouting for several minutes did I realize that for reasons that do not concern us here, but are intimately connected with post-war problems, I was absolutely alone in my house.

Several courses lay open to me. I could go on having baths until somebody returned and took a handle off another door and put it through mine and let me out. I could use the period of my imprisonment to sharpen razor-blades against the inside of a glass tumbler. I could sing songs or meditate. I could do exercises. I could try to remove the case of the lock. I did try. And here we come to the first and perhaps the most valuable of our Home Hints.

Every bathroom should contain a screwdriver.

There was nothing in my bathroom that could be used to unscrew the lock-case from the door. You cannot unscrew a lock with scissors. Still less with parts of a safety-razor. Still less with tubes of tooth-paste. Still less with soap. Archimedes discovered one of the most important principles in the science of hydrostatics while bathing; he also invented (and probably at the same time) a special screw pump for draining and irrigating Egypt. He did not discover any method of opening a bathroom door that had no handle. He would therefore have probably done what I did myself. I opened the window. And this brings us to the second of my important Home Hints.

A ladder should be left in position outside the window of any upper room from which the door-knob has been removed.

By great good fortune, a ladder had been so left outside the window of my bathroom. The painters had left it there, and gone away.

It was not, I am sorry to say, leaning against the window-sill, and it is far less easy than it seems to be to climb out of a bathroom window on to a house-painter's ladder which is not exactly in the right position. Moments occur of peril and of pain. One is conscious of a lack of dignity, and a likeness, not so much to Archimedes as to a wooden monkey on a stick. But I managed to do it.

There is something very beautiful, I suppose, about a bright November morning, at half-past eight, when

the lawn is strewn with fallen plane-leaves, and the sun is shining on tree trunks, and there is no mist in the air. None the less, the householder climbing down a ladder from his bathroom window, and wearing only shrunken pyjamas and a dressing-gown, cannot help being aware that on such a morning his actions are easily observable, and much observed by the curious eyes of his neighbours, who may perhaps be pardoned for wondering what he means to do next. I wondered myself. We arrive, by a natural process, at the third of my Home Hints.

When the door-knob has been removed from the bathroom door, care should be taken either to leave the front door open, or else to keep the front-door latchkey in the pocket of the dressing-gown.

I had taken neither of these precautions, and it was while I was walking up the pathway between the front door and the garden gate, and considering the probable results of atomic energy applied to mechanical science, that the postman came.

He had three letters and a parcel, and he seemed surprised to see me.

"Aving a early stroll?" he said.

I am one of the people who find elaborate personal explanations very tiresome, unless I can put them down clearly on paper as I am doing here; so I simply asked him whether he happened to have a screwdriver about him, and he replied that he couldn't say as he had.

"Cold, aren't you?" he went on. "I should get some more clothing on if I was you." He then went away.

I read my letters, and also the newspapers which had been wedged into the letter-slit in the front door, but it was not until the painters had returned, half an hour later, and the painter's mate had been sent to the painter's house, and returned from it with the proper implement, that I could climb back into my bathroom again and burgle my way into the house.

The whole affair was trifling. But much of the trouble could have been avoided by a little more organization on my own part, or a little more foresight and co-operation on the part of the G.P.O.

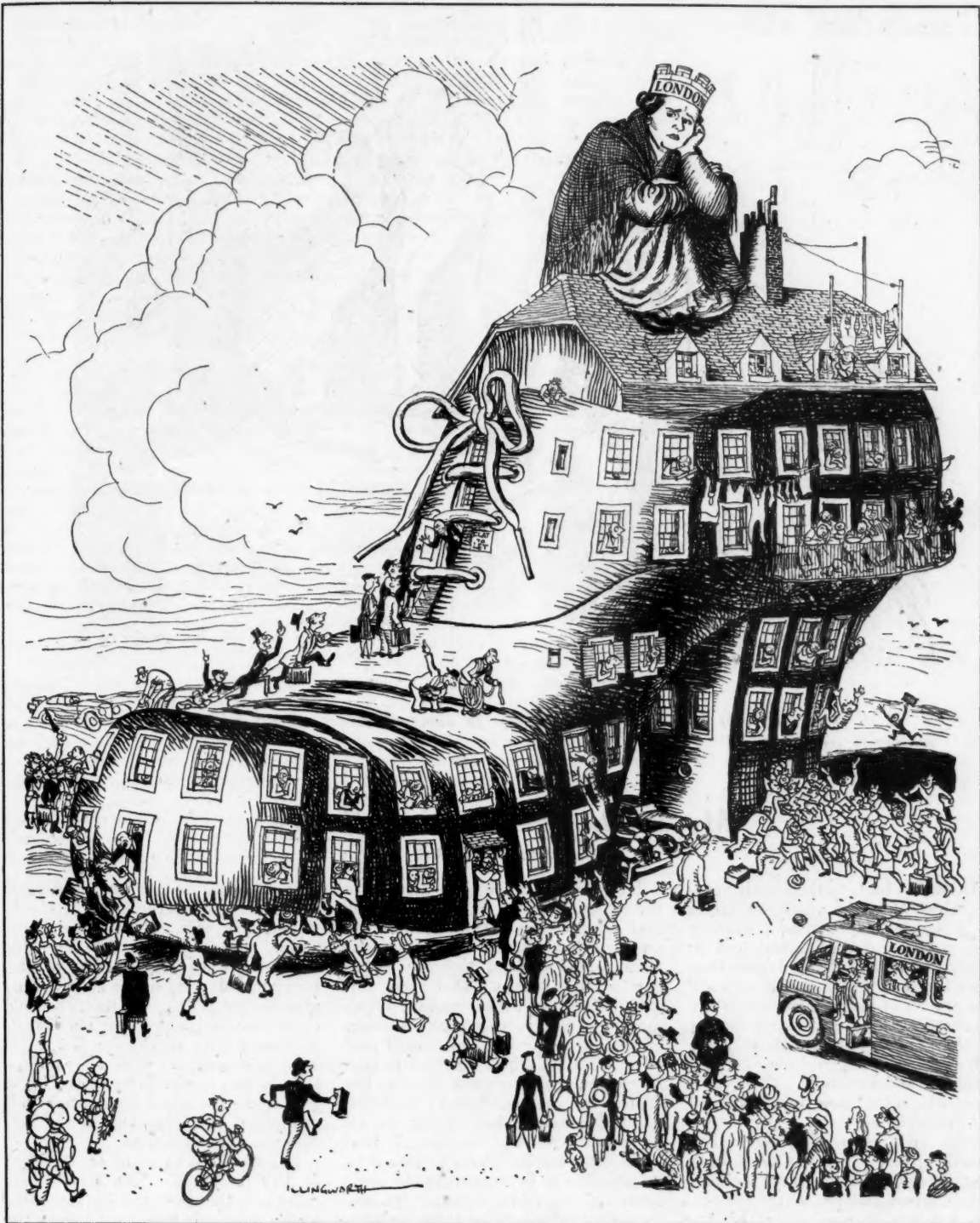
EVOR.

To His Alarum Clock

INFERNAL Engin, somtime wont to thrill
My drousing Eares with salutation dred
And hurl my Carcass trembling from its bed
While Dawn yet blush'd and all the world was
chill;
But late for manie moones no Clarrion shrill
Had shook my dreaumes, the verie Puls was dead
Within thy boosom, as the Spirit wer fled
"And all that Mightie Hart wer lying still":

What Mystick Powr hath sudden now contriv'd
That Life's informing motions even yett
Shold stirr thy Frame and wake thy Beate anew?
Or what fel Daemon bade thy Trump reviv'd
(From elder dayes for Seven Therty set)
To Blaze across the Night at Half past Two?

M. H. L.



THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN . . .

"And all these United Nations Conferences to house as well."



"Will it be all right if I bring Mr. Henderson home to dinner, dear? He says he's got absolutely no appetite."

My Lifetime in Basic Industry

II—Scowle in the Raw

LOOKING back on those early years I spent in the mining village of Scowle I often wonder whether there has ever been a social unit so completely matriarchal. I was then only a boy, not yet big enough to wield even the short-hafted pick which my grandfather Ebby made specially for me; but I was old enough to share with all males a nagging sense of subordination and servitude. The women of Scowle ruled their menfolk with iron ruthlessness.

To the visiting novelist these women seemed handsome ("... in a raw-boned, muscle-bound sort of way."—Chugworth), proud and eminently respectable, but scratch ever so lightly into the veneer of Victorian convention and gentility and you exposed stark passion, passion in all its primitive exuberance. Among themselves the women of Scowle fought like tigresses.

On Saturday nights the arena was the cobbled street in front of the Half-Nelson Inn. The men, sitting on their haunches in a rough semicircle, would applaud discreetly as the battles took place. The grim fun would start when some woman, infuriated by a remark about the condition of her kitchen or curtains, would peel off a stocking, slip a beer-bottle into its toe and swing a quick blow at her critic. Soon the entire bevy would be at it, loaded hosiery flying in all directions. And as the struggle rose in fury the babies would be tossed to the ringside to be nursed by the men. It always amazed me that the numbers incapacitated for life in these conflicts never got out of hand. Nature herself seemed to connive in these orgies, for female births in Scowle steadily exceeded those of males by thirty-seven per cent.

In 1889 my mother was at daggers drawn with Mrs. Hunslett, the checkweighman's wife. It was during the annual spring strike that this Mrs. Hunslett accused my mother of harbouring a blackleg in the shape of my grandfather Ebby. My mother could easily have explained that old Ebby's nocturnal trips to Orange No. 2 Pit were in connection with a fowl-house that he was constructing in the backyard, but she scorned explanations and challenged Mrs. Hunslett to the *lutte à outrance* of the barrels.

It took place at night by the light of fifty pit-lamps. Two barrels were rolled into the street and set, according to the rules, one foot apart. Then the combatants cut cards for choice of barrel. My mother stood in the one nearest to our house so that she fought with her back to me in my grandstand seat in an upstairs window. I was

glad of this. Mrs. Hunslett used the "Davy" opening, snatched at my mother's hair and missed. My mother countered with . . . but I will spare my readers the terrible details. Mrs. Hunslett was outscratched and out-gnawed, and after a bare three hours she slumped into the bottom of her barrel, unconscious.

In the economic sphere female dominance in Scowle was very marked. On pay-day, Friday afternoon, the two inns were picketed by "disinterested" members of the Women's Institute while wives and mothers queued up for their menfolk's wages. As the miners came out-by they were each given an ounce of shag tobacco and a leaflet about the perils of strong drink.

At our house the money was kept in a Coronation mug on the kitchen dresser. In good times—as, for example, when mother's brothers spent their holidays with us so that the number of breadwinners at the pit was increased—the mug would overflow with sovereigns. But there were times during the seasonal strikes and autumn lock-outs when it was bare indeed. There was no written system of book-keeping, but my mother knew instinctively when any sum, however small, had been abstracted without permission.

"Thomas," she would yell at my father, "tha's a-bin at thy thiev'in' tricks again, Ah'll be bound. Ah'll be troublin' thee for fo'pence ha'penny, me lad."

And if father could not refund the money immediately his Sunday trousers or football boots would be taken immediately to Gildbern's pawnshop. Strangely enough, my mother never believed in putting anything away for a rainy day, maintaining that the habit only tempted Providence.

She was a most practical woman in every way and delighted in discovering ways of doing several jobs at once. When she put us to bed—my younger sister Madge and myself—she would sing us to sleep from the floor below while she massaged old Ebby's lumbago or mended the men's clogs. Her deep chest put such power behind her singing that the ewer in my room used to emit a sympathetic ringing note and shuffle round its basin. I usually got to sleep through being mildly asphyxiated with my head under the pillow.

If she had any soft spots in her heart my mother reserved them all for my grandfather. Old Ebby was always up to something in his earnest pursuit of Science, and in spite of the mess and damage his experiments caused I never

once saw him suffer more than a well-aimed clout on the head.

One summer he got hold of a geological survey map of the Midland Counties, and for a fortnight he forgot his rain-gauge and studied assiduously. Then, at breakfast one morning, he announced that he was going to make us all very rich. He took a spade and began digging in the trampled soil of the chicken run.

By nightfall he had made a hole about three yards deep. The next day's labours took him down to fifteen feet, and he was wildly excited, for his calculations showed that a fine outcrop of "Dribben's" coal lay only another spade's-depth away. Unfortunately, my grandfather's frantic exertions were too much for his frail body, and the next day found him bedridden and in mental torture.

And now my mother showed her true greatness. She wrapped the old man in blankets and carried him to a chair placed only a few feet from his beloved hole. Then she commanded me to descend into the shaft and resume operations. My first delving blow brought to light a number of handsome nuts of the famous seam, and before old Ebby was returned to bed I was able to fill two buckets with the fuel.

Old Ebby was delighted of course.

Every night after dark for a month or more—until my mother announced that the outcrop was exhausted—I had to carry two bucketfuls of coal into the garden, and every morning I had to recover them in old Ebby's presence.

My mother bound me to an oath of secrecy.

Hod.

The Milestone

"ORNCastle ten
and Louth three,"
that's wot the milestoane
saäys ter me.
For a thousan' yeär
it said the saäme
ter ivery traveller
as caäme . . .
Aye, "Louth three,
'Orncastle ten,"
ter farmers of
the Woäld and Fen.

I took it bad
when it were lifted
and yucked into a truck
and shifted:
the roäd looked loänely—
some'ow littler—
all becos on
that theär 'Ttler.
Per'aps the stoäne
took it best,
for God knoäs it 'ad
earned a rest!

An' w'en it's back
an' päinted white,
so's yer can see 'im
in the night,
an' shan and cleän,
it one daäy will
saäy to me gran'sons
on the 'ill
(when moästlins foäk's
forgotten me)
"Orncastle ten
and Louth three."



At the Pictures

PSYCHIATRY RIDES AGAIN.

AN odd artificial best-sellerish kind of story, with reminiscences of *Tribby*

and *Jane Eyre* and all their imitations down to *Rebecca* and whatever the current one is, *The Seventh Veil* (Director: COMPTON BENNETT) nevertheless is far more interesting than this would suggest. Uneven—yes, all the adjectives of that sort come to mind; but the film offers a good deal to enjoy. Quite apart from any question of its merits as a film, for instance, there is the music: the heroine is a concert pianist and we attend more than one of her concerts, as well as hearing her play at home. It seems to me likely that the music in this picture may give it a similar success to that of *A Song to Remember*, about which one has heard people say "Oh, of course it's absolute drivel, but I saw it twice because of the music." The difference is that *The Seventh Veil* is by no means drivel: on the contrary, the "psychological" foundation of it is unexpectedly sensible; only one or two of the characters and situations are a bit obvious, a bit contrived, a bit—I say again—best-sellerish. ANN TODD appears as *Francesca Cunningham*, the pianist, whose life-story from the age of fourteen we see in flash-back as she tells it to an amiable psycho-analyst. ("The seventh veil" is his phrase: the last covering—this is the idea—to be removed from the subject's mind. Not that this last covering is removed in the story, or anything near the last, but it makes an arresting title.) She lives with a stern, lame, rich, woman-hating, dark-browed guardian (JAMES MASON) whose temper appears to be in the fullest sense of the word ungovernable, and who is basically responsible for her obsession about the safety of her hands and her conviction (after an accident)

that she can never play the piano again. Of course the amiable psychiatrist solves this problem, and others, kindly working up to a scene of dramatic suspense (which man will she choose?—as if we didn't know) at the end.

Miss TODD is very good, and there

new film GARY COOPER plays a mild-mannered Westerner who can't shoot, seems to me to betray a previous disposition to take Western films seriously. I don't see why *Along Came Jones* (Director: STUART HEISLER) shouldn't be enjoyed as a parody of the usual

kind of "horse-opera," or why Mr. COOPER in his first independent production shouldn't be allowed to poke a little gentle fun at the conventions he has for many years had to observe. At bottom the story rests on the old mistaken-identity routine: *Melody Jones*, a gentle character, is credited with the attributes of a killer, *Monte Jarrod*. The unaccustomed deference goes to his head ("For one hour, I felt what it felt like to be high-regarded"), and what with one thing and another he winds up with the killer's girl (LORETTA YOUNG), who has incidentally done the necessary shooting for him. It is all good fun: there are some good rough-and-tumble fights as well as the obligatory gun-battle among the rocks. DAN DURYEA as the killer introduces a note of genuine menace, and there are plenty of pawky remarks for WILLIAM DEMAREST, who alone is worth the price of admission. The only people who need be warned to stay away are those who would be really upset at the sight of GARY COOPER drawing his gun in so fumbling a manner as to pull a part of his shirt out with it.

Another excellent and impressive documentary from the British Army Film Unit: *Burma Victory*. Its temperate and fair story offers a powerful corrective to the usual film view that great things are won in a dramatic and obvious manner by very small bodies of men under a picturesque leader. The nearest approach to that here is the Wingate Expedition—which is not belittled, for everyone concerned in the campaign gets deserved credit; but as a whole the film adds up to a great tribute to the Fourteenth Army. R. M.



[The Seventh Veil]

FLASH-BACK GIRL

(Under Narco-Hypnosis)

Francesca	ANN TODD
Dr. Larsen	HERBERT LOM

is some bright direction and photography—the concert scenes in particular are excellently managed. Yes: uneven, but interesting.

To worry (as some writers have been worrying) about the fact that in his

the obligatory gun-battle among the rocks. DAN DURYEA as the killer introduces a note of genuine menace, and there are plenty of pawky remarks for WILLIAM DEMAREST, who alone is worth the price of admission. The only



[Along Came Jones]

PIN-DOWN GIRL

Melody Jones	GARY COOPER
Cherry de Longpre	LORETTA YOUNG

Gifts

CAPTAIN SYMPSON has worn such a worried expression for the last few days that friends have supposed him to be Compulsorily Deferred, but in reality he has merely been worrying about gifts. Obviously a man returning from the Middle East is expected by his relatives and friends to go home laden with gifts, but the purchase of gifts requires a firmness and determination of character that Sympson does not possess.

"My own intention," I said, "is to buy twenty-three small statues of Tutankhamen. They are very eastern, quite cheap, and will save the squabbling that is sure to ensue if there is any invidious differentiation between aunts of various grades."

Sympson said that he would be ashamed to show such a lack of imagination.

"Silk stockings," suggested Lieutenant Gayman.

"I'm not sure that any of my aunts wear them," said Sympson. "I don't remember ever noticing their stockings since I was a small child, and then they were long black things—wool, probably, or some such stuff."

"Soap," said Major Jaffar.

"I have dallied with the idea of soap," said Sympson, "but a tablet of soap seems rather a small gift to offer, even to an aunt, after you haven't seen her for four years."

I went with Sympson to a shop in Damascus where they sell very expensive brocade, and Sympson tried on a dressing-gown which he thought would fit one of his more angular aunts. It suited him rather well, giving him an oddly regal look, but when he found it cost seventeen pounds he hastily bought a small brass inkstand and withdrew.

"Why not fruit?" he said suddenly, sitting up in bed one night.

"It will go bad," I said.

"We shall be on our way home in three days' time," he replied, "and with luck the journey will only last a week. If we buy green bananas they will be nicely ripe by the time we get home."

He bought a large bunch of green bananas and two pineapples, and then we found that owing to the exigencies of the service we could not be spared from the Middle East for a further fortnight. After another week the bananas were still green, but it was clear that the pineapples were already suffering from the heat, and our bed-sitting room began to smell so strongly



"Shall we join the ladies?"

of pineapple that Sympson said he dreamed every night that he was back in civil life and had obtained one of those jobs in Covent Garden which involve carrying twenty baskets at once on the head. His foreman, who oddly enough was Colonel Blood of our department but now wearing a white apron, threatened to send him back to the M.E.F. if the baskets fell off, but just as they began to totter he always woke up, fortunately.

"We must eat the things," said Sympson, "and buy another lot just before we go." Personally I only like the square pineapples that grow in tins, and Sympson did not feel up to tackling them both himself, so he decided to give a pineapple-punch cocktail party. It was a huge success,

but cost him so much that he now wishes he had bought brocade instead. He then decided that if we ever really did leave the Middle East he would concentrate entirely on bananas, but we saw in the paper next day that the Government were shortly releasing the banana-boats and that bananas might easily be home before we were.

So he has fallen back, after all, on statues of Tutankhamen.

Slightly Off Course

"Cross-channel steamers from Liverpool, Heysham, and Glasgow made Belfast three hours late.

One of these brought down the committee tent at Shrewsbury Hospital races after police and others had rescued the takings just in time."—Daily paper.



"Remember the old days I used to say Fill her up, Fred, and you'd fill her up. Fill her right up, Fred, I used to say . . ."

Address of Welcome to My Horseless Carriage

OLD friend!
Jacked up all through the battle.
In whom life has been miraculously reinstalled
By the middle Mr. Bulge of Bulge, Bulge and Bulge,
Automobile Engineers and Stockists,
I raise a quart of vintage oil
In fond salute,
The first of hundreds you will easily absorb
In the illimitably thirsty future,
Old ancient soak!
And I look forward with lively anticipation
To affixing to your bonnet
In the presence of a large congress of well-wishers
The Order of Inanimate Virtue, First Class,
With Special Cravat,
A decoration I am inaugurating for Objects such as yourself,
Accustomed to a decent style of life,
Whose war has been especially squalid, brutish, sticky,
And, as yet, unsung.

Bits of your entrails were lodged with the constabulary.
Your massive cushions were given up to the eugenic
experiments of voles.
Requisitioned by an operational training unit for swifts
and owls
As an emergency airstrip
Your lofty dome took on a neutral aspect.
Human young
Pawed your shiny parts unceasingly,

While a social centre for earwigs,
Offering honorary membership to the rarer chilopoda,
Flourished in your fog-lamp.
When he took his first eyeful of you
Mr. Bulge was heard to mutter,
Through the melancholy wastes of his moustache,
An expression rather outside the scope of this poem
But effectively conveying the nether sludge of gloom.

I have never concealed from you
My lifelong distrust of the internal combustion engine,
For tempting tired citizens to hith and thith like scalded
ants,
Faster and sillier,
Hardly knowing where,
And seldom why.
Though never one of the landau-ed gentry,
I am essentially droshki-minded.
I like the nice, slow getting there,
And the nicer, slower coming back.
Alas! I nostalgia for the brougham I never had,
And I weep for the spanking bays that might have been.

Take no offence, old iron,
But that is why, stately relic of an ampler day,
You sit as high in my affection
As you do upon the road.
That is why no streamlined sardine-tin,
Intolerant of my top-hat
And indifferent to my anatomy,
Shall ever supplant you.

Mr. Bulge and I will keep you smoking
Until at last death stalks along your crankshaft,
And the masters of metallurgy despair.
But even that will not be the end.
I shall grow grapes behind your splendid spread of glass
For a heady *Cru Voiture*
Trodden out in the bath.
On fine days I shall be propped up with cushions
In your vast posterior
By my doting great-grand-children
To snore over a good book.
And once a year we shall hire some Clydesdales
And go for a drive.

ERIC.

H. J.'s Belles-Lettres

THIS Belle-Lettre deals with courtesy, and when people say such is dying out they must be thinking of themselves, because personally I am three times as courteous as I used to be, finding that otherwise I get left on one side. It is true that fifty years ago there was a lot more etiquette, but there was a good deal of garrotting too. Now, cards are rarely left except by insurance agents, while policemen go in twos where they used to go in threes, and frequently they do not go at all. Professor Trevelyan's English Social History shows how much better everything has got, except, apparently, paper, and it would be odd if only courtesy were not on the wax.

Courtesy is often thought of as faintness, soft words, gentle movements and a generally vague and tepid manner of life. Descriptions of dinner-parties in the Far East, where the walls are made of paper and people twitter the other side of them, often end with the statement that very courteous indeed is what the proceedings were. Most

people, however, prefer things to be firm and definite, and a noisy host drowns the nervous guest as he bangs and scrapes his way through a meal.

Children are naturally courteous, if it is courtesy to be helpful. They never make the kind of light conversation to which it is so difficult to reply, such as "The evenings draw in apace, do they not," or "Everyone is entitled to their own opinion is what I always say." They either give information about themselves or ask you direct questions; nor do they think it strange if you begin a conversation yourself by asking them how old they are, or what they know, whereas such openings would have gone down badly chez Madame du Deffand or even George Moore.

London Transport used to rival children in courtesy, inviting you to make up parties with your friends and visit zoos, or putting up encouraging and helpful notices such as "To the Trains." But this has turned out to be a veneer, and they have taken to gloating publicly over clients they have shopped, even encouraging competition between their various branches; the Underground will boast of a passenger at Kilburn who got £3 or seven days, while your bus counters by preening itself on a victim who didn't even get the option at Elmer's End. It is but a short step to boasting of passengers run over or left behind. This has not yet spread to other public services. The Telephones are certainly more refined, but I suspect that this is not natural and that their style of conversing was trained into them by some Postmaster-General of long ago, who based it on the high society in which he was accustomed to move.

Parliament, I think, has steadily got more courteous since *Hansard* got more verbatim. The Mace is rarely in action, and the custom of throwing books at Mr. Churchill has almost died out. This is not all gain, because it is the job of Parliament not merely to govern the country but to govern it in a vivid and entertaining way, lest we should sigh for the return of the Tudors. That the House of Lords is as courteous as it sounds in the reports is incredible, while in local councils the atmosphere is quite nakedly Irish.

Now, courtesy titles well deserve the name, because nothing makes the average man happier than knowing a lord, and by giving the children of peers this title the opportunities of such pleasure are greatly increased without getting too much Nobility actually inside the Constitution. Probably all titles give pleasure not so much to those on whom they are bestowed as to those with whom their bearers come into contact; hence it is discourteous for those who have titles not to use them. Perhaps even readers of the soi-disant Bertrand Russell find his title pages regrettably austere.

Another form of discourtesy is to address a foreign visitor to England in his own language, he being on his travels and wanting something new. Interpreters at railway stations frequently resign because no one will speak to them except small boys wanting help with their homework. If a foreigner knows no English at all then the kindest thing to do is to teach him some. Take, for example, a Bulgar walking down Oxford Street and looking for the Roman Bath: if everybody he stopped from Holborn to the Marble Arch taught him one idiom, think what a grounding he would have by the end of the walk. Yet how many would, in fact, thoughtlessly try to improvise some Bulgarian or at best speak to him in French. I mention these examples of discourtesy with reluctance, because literature too often has been the nursery of vice, but after all one must not shut one's eyes to facts, and the Editor would wish me to see life steadily and see it whole.

The most courteous man I have ever met was Arthur Sable, who was fag to many of my family at school, inability to understand the answer-book keeping him in a low form. When he came to see us, which he did frequently owing to his landlord being short-sighted and keeping wasps in mistake for bees, he never just sat about like the ordinary guest and nibbled things, but shot into the kitchen and praised not only the food prepared for his visit but fragments of past meals and even raw materials like baking-powder and nutmeg. No detail escaped that man; the inside of the stove was nothing if not a Nocturne, and the dresser was village craftsmanship at its least sophisticated, and any cook there was had dimples like Camembert. Sometimes we sent him up to have a bath, this in our house taking the place of compulsory croquet, which reduced him to incoherent admiration. It was so tasteful and safe in our bathroom he had to keep opening the door and telling us about it. Dreadful colds he got by so doing, but he said they were worth it, and anyhow our medicine-chest was dynamic in the extreme. The courtesy of such men is a beacon by day and a beacon by night and we should never regret having known him if he hadn't taken an album of pictures of our house and shown them to us whenever he called.

Impressionism

"Autumn in all its glory is tinted foliage. bury Park scene as a bargecrystallised in this Cassio-canal into a fairyland of chugs its way along the"

Picture caption in Herts paper.

Impending Apology

"It is not often, unfortunately, that a layman becomes a proficient theologian, still less a writer of theology, C. S. Lewis, of course, being a brilliant example."—*Rochester Diocesan Chronicle*.



Henry Wilson.

"You're back in A.R.P. again, learning how to cope with atomic bombs."



"Between you and me, sir, we don't quite know where THAT line goes to."

Review

WHEN I was young, when I was young,
when I was a boy in the North
Countree
my mother, who had a vinegar tongue
and a heart of honey, would say to me:
"Put down that wretched book, my
lad—
your face is white as a schoolma'am's
chalk:
'tis weather to make a glum heart glad:
go, get you gone for a nice long walk."

Oh, how I hated a dog's walk—
out and home again—
when Long John Silver and Aramis
were fighting in my brain
with Scott and Ridd and Captain Kidd
and Allan Quatermain.

Hardly I knew if sunshine
fell on my head, or rain;
bare, ruined quires, birds' madrigals
sang but the one refrain:
"Who knows not noble Valdez
Hath never heard of Spain!"

Grim virgins, on my table
lie books I *must* review.
I tire of their titles:
strew on me roses, strew
rosemary, for remembrance
and many a spray of rue!
The lanes I wandered blindly
with eyes and ears shut fast
come all about me kindly;
sunshine and shadows cast
their cool and golden patterns
about me from the past.

I see the very snail-shells—
striped humbugs in the grass—
I hear a robin singing
his notes as thin as glass;
and naked and most lovely
stands in my inward eye
a thorn-tree all enchanted
against a naked sky.

Books, books, books, books—
they wall me in,
'tis useless to complain
some few are tuppence coloured
but most are ha'penny plain.
Who labelled them "escapist"?
He must have been insane!
I escape in a dog's walk
out and—home, again.

R. C. S.



THE ALCHEMISTS' CAVE

"Mysterious! Wonderful! Appalling! And now what can we do with this one?"

Impressions of Parliament

Business Done

Monday, October 29th.—House of Commons: The Chancellor Draws a Cheque.

Tuesday, October 30th.—House of Commons: The Many Are Thanked.

Wednesday, October 31st.—House of Commons: Miss Wilkinson Triumphs.

Thursday, November 1st.—House of Commons: Striking Figures.

Monday, October 29th.—One or two bright souls in the House of Commons circulated the rumour, when they saw that the Bank of England was to be discussed, that the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. HUGH DALTON, might circulate (as White Papers) a few sample "fivers." So they turned up in great force on both sides of the House. Admittedly Mr. WILLIAM WHITELEY, the Government Chief Whip, and Mr. JAMES STUART, the Conservative Chief Whip, had sent out three-line Whips, which may have been the cause of the big attendance.

Anyway, the fivers did not appear.

But although the presence of so many of the Great Elected produced a good deal of oratorical smoke, there was little fire in the debate—and, for that matter, little light, either. Mr. DALTON moved the Second Reading of the Bill to nationalize the Bank of England. This subject had been the one on which many a political orator at the polls had declared himself willing to go to the stake—for or against.

And here was Mr. DALTON (whose ancestors were dignitaries of the Church) joining his fingers in a parsonic gesture and pronouncing that the "Old Man of the Treasury" (name unknown) was to marry the "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street" and make an honest woman of her. They had, boomed Mr. DALTON, in a tone just exactly midway between that of a bishop and a Divorce Court judge, already been living together long enough—meaning too long.

Nobody seemed very clear why this sudden conversion to the proprieties should have taken place, or (apart, of course, from the inherent good of all morality) just what was the benefit the Great British Public might expect to derive from the formal change in the good lady's status. The Chancellor seemed to imply that, benefit or none, it was a thing that *ought* to be done—even if only to give effect to at least one item in the Labour Party's election manifesto. Anyway, it was to be done, and this delayed-action Darby and

Joan arrangement was to be put on a proper footing.

This statement seemed to delight the Labour M.P.s, and not to worry the Conservatives overmuch. Sir JOHN ANDERSON, speaking for the Opposition, remarked suavely that no first-class measure had ever been commended to the House with less argument, and went on nonchalantly to predict a dark future for the marriage.

Sir JOHN got so unhappy about the whole thing that it was often difficult for the casual onlooker to decide whether it was a wedding or a funeral

to the Sabines some 2,500 years ago."

Captain GLENVIL HALL, Financial Secretary to the Treasury, ended the debate for the Government, and new Members (and not a few old ones) then passed through a period of mystification while the High Priests of The Rules of The House had a little jamboree of their own.

First of all, for no apparent reason, Mr. WHITELEY moved the closure and there was a division which the Government won by 351 votes to 152. Then, on the Second Reading of the Bill, the figures were 348 to 153. After which, Mr. HUBERT BEAUMONT, the Deputy Chairman of Committees, stepped nimbly into the Chair, read out a resolution to provide the money to make the Bank Nationalization Bill work, was answered by half a dozen cries of "No," and as nimbly stepped out of the Chair again. Something attempted, nothing done. Whereupon Mr. Speaker reappeared and the whole thing was put off until the morrow.

Members on the Government side, including not a few of the Whips, seemed astonished at this, but as it was obviously approved by Sir GILBERT CAMPION, the learned Clerk of the House, from whom nothing in Standing Orders is hid, it was clearly correct.

Confused more than somewhat, the House went home.

Tuesday, October 30th.—Mr. ATTLEE (having announced that he plans to go to Washington to talk to President TRUMAN about the atom bomb which so effectively ended the war) moved a motion of gratitude to all who had played their part in the struggle. It was a comprehensive motion, mentioning all the many services, military and civil, and offering sympathy to the relatives of those who will not return from the flak-torn sky, stricken sea and field, and the bomb-torn street.

The Prime Minister, whose special, non-flamboyant style of oratory has an attraction all its own on these occasions, moved the motion "in all humility and sincerity." It was a moving little speech, which offered the nation's thanks to those who, in silence, endured, as well as to those who, in the heat and excitement of battle, conquered.

Mr. CHURCHILL, who was down to second the motion, followed with a speech so astonishing, both in tone and in content, that several Members asked whether, in error, he was moving its rejection. He complained that the war leaders were not to have money rewards, as had the leaders in the last war. He complained that the motion he was seconding had no mention of



THE FIRST BRUSH OF THE SEASON

M.F.H., THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER

that was claiming the attention of the House. It emerged that Sir JOHN gravely suspects the Old Man of the Treasury of cannibalistic instincts, and has fears for the safety of the Old Lady.

Mr. I. J. PITMAN, grandson of the inventor of the shorthand system, delivered a maiden speech that gave keen pleasure to the shorthand-writers because of its clear and measured tones. A string of other maiden speakers followed, and Colonel OLIVER STANLEY, winding up for the Opposition, commented rather obscurely that there had been nothing like it since "that unfortunate incident which happened

anybody by name, and generally gave the impression that he did not think much of the motion.

It was a pity he felt it his duty (as he put it) to express his disunity with the Government at a time when unanimity was so clearly indicated, but in the end the motion of gratitude was passed without dissent.

For once, the House saw Mr. CHURCHILL a long way from his best.

Then there was some more chit-chat about the Budget proposals, and still more about a few odd Bills which were produced for approval. At the end of the day Captain RAYMOND BLACKBURN (in a speech that was a perfect atom bomb of clichés and well-worn phrases) asked the Government to do something about the other atom bomb, to harness it in the cause of humanity and to use it so that the desert should blossom like the rose—he really said that!

Looking a trifle surprised that so deadly a weapon should be considered to have horticultural properties, Mr. HERBERT MORRISON, the Lord President of the Council—whose versatility seems to know no bounds—promised that whatever good there was in this “startling and disturbing discovery” (he meant the bomb) should be brought out, even though he did find

some of the prophecies about New-York-and-back on a gramme of atom a bit optimistic.

Nodding understandingly—or perhaps resignedly—Members hurried off to catch their petrol-driven buses.

Wednesday, October 31st.—The Heroine of the Half-Hour (the adjournment half-hour, to be precise) was diminutive, red-haired Miss ELLEN WILKINSON, Minister of Education. During the week-end she had addressed some youthful constituents in Jarrow, and, speaking of the current unofficial dock strike, opined that, if it continued, bread might have to be rationed this winter.

This simple statement caused great excitement, both in the Press and in the country, and the ever-alert Earl WINTERTON, Father of the House of Commons, raised the matter. He did it in his customary gallant but decisive manner, expressing the view that the Right Hon. ELLEN had shown great courage, but urging that Ministerial cobblers and cobblers should stick to their Departmental lasts. In other words, he wanted statements about food to come from the Minister of Food, and so on. Miss WILKINSON, said he, had shown herself to be an angel rushing in where her male colleagues (described for the nonce as “archangels”) had feared to tread..

Lord WINTERTON, one of the tallest men in the House, sat down, and tiny Miss WILKINSON went to the table to defend herself. In about five minutes she did herself more good with the House than most Ministers contrive to do in as many years. She frankly and disarmingly confessed that she had used the offending words, caused several fits of apoplexy in the Press Gallery by admitting that she had not been misreported, and promised to be more careful in future in her choice of illustrative examples, however small or youthful her audience.

The Cabinet's own “atom bomb,” as she is affectionately called, got the cheer of her life. Her speech could not have been bettered.

Thursday, November 1st.—Mr. CHURCHILL, having asked several times before, got the totals of our armed forces in foreign fields and at home. They seemed to startle the House: 2,300,000 officers and men of the three Services overseas, 2,100,000 at home.

Mr. CHURCHILL (who, in a recent debate, asked that the total be cut to 1,500,000 or so) grimly remarked that he would want another debate on the slowness of demobilization—and pretty soon.

And everybody except the Ministers said “Hear, hear!”





"Pity, we might have left it a bit longer—I see they're expecting a loan from the bank."

Topsy Turvy

IV

TRIX, darling, I couldn't care *less* about the atomic bomb could you, I mean on *all* the evidence it's a fairly drastic and straightbackward proceeding, there are *no* queues for it, *no* coupons are required it seems, one will *not* spend the rest of one's life weeding broken glass from the flowerbed, there are *no* r's in it so one will *not* be rendered raving by my favourrrrite announcerrr's announcements about it, the desirability of the cosmos is *quite* dubious anyhow, and my dear as Harry said it was *too* laughable when the old atomic emerged how *all* the woolliest and wettest of the population at *once* vociferated Well *this* will clear the cosmic mind at last, and *then* my dear settled down to talk the *same* wool and wet as they had

talked for *centuries*, well now for example they're *dismembering* the American Pres because he won't show the Secret to suffering *Russia*, and no wonder suffering *Russia* is suspicious and everything if *that's* how the brutal capitalists behave, etc., when my dear if there is one thing more patent than another it is that you *won't* get many kind words out of suffering *Russia*, *whatever* you do, well my dear *suppose* the Americans said O K we'll share the Secret with *simply* everyone, it's too easy to envisage how suffering *Russia* would respond at once, it would be *There* you go again, giving *all* my neighbours the know-how so as to build the *most* unmatemy atomic wall *against* me, *personally* of course I'd make it all

quite public, if only because if one's going to be *obliterated* there's something to be said for having it done professionally and *well*, with *notice*, whereas my dear as long as it's a naughty secret it's *too* likely you'll have old men fumbling about in the mountains and deserts and blowing up the cosmos *messily* without a word of warning, which *perhaps* was what Einstein had in mind, my dear *did* you see, the old wizard said it was *quite* erroneous that the atomic conflict would be the *end* of civilization, because he said we should be *merely* terminated about *two-thirds* and there'd be enough *books* surviving probably for the residuary chaps to start *all over* again, which you must agree darling is about the most *lowering* utterance of

the whole series, because my dear can you envisage your little Topsy waking up quite naked in a dank jungle miles away and starting again on the New York Evening Post and the Swiss Family Robinson, no thanks no, by the way darling don't whisper a thing because I gather it is pretty confidential still but it seems there is a definite movement to evacuate some of the British to another planet, or at least to start a pilot colony, I mean to found a New World literally, I won't swear but I think it's the Moon, which I believe is too feasible because once you've got the old atomry in full action you can fertilize deserts and make granite nutritious, then of course all these fantastic jet-machines, my dear they'll be so fast it seems you'll be in the stratosphere the day before you start, if you see what I mean, the one snag I believe has been about reaching the Moon too fast because of gravity or something, but now they've got round that even by Radar, because my dear there's utterly nothing you can't do by Radar, well it seems by Radar you set up a resistance-cushion in the Moon on which my dear you come down too cosily like the Black Duchess planing into a Charity bazaar, however darling don't press me for all the details, the stark thing is that the Plans are ready, but my dear apart from the Red Tape, which Haddock says has been without precedent, the usual stumbling-blocks at once obtrude, and that is Shall we tell the suffering Russians, because of course they'll be too suspicious and wounded about the enterprise, and for all we know they may have a secret eye on the Moon themselves, or some say Mercury, though of course we're not likely to hear many details in advance if they have, however it seems we'd be most amenable to unfold all if it will help to keep the cosmos sweet, but the drear thing is of course that if we tell the suffering Russians we shall have to tell the soft-eyed Americans, and then the Yanks will want bases all over the Moon, not to mention platoons of observers, there'll be all that stupefying dollar-nonsense again, my dear you know I'm not congenitally international but why we can't all use the same coins I definitely can not envisage, and then I suppose the first babies in the Moon will be born chewing, if not crooning, which much as I love them, my dear you should have seen Eisenhower and Mark Clark taking their degrees at Oxford, my dear what pets, what natural magnets, as I've told Haddock if either of them raised the merest finger I'd be an export at once, on the other hand I do think that the New World perhaps

should start on the right foot, that is rather British and no chewing, because I do feel that a chewing child in a New World might spoil half one's pleasure, altogether it does look sometimes I gather as if this utterly idealistic plan might be merely one more nigger in the cosmic woodpile if it's not handled like one's monthly egg, that is pretty maternally, however we shall see, meanwhile Haddock and me are on the Shadow List for Founder Members and soon I suppose we shall have to make up the reluctant mind, what do you think darling shall we go, of course if it could be a real nest of suitables it might be quite Heaven getting away from everything, my dear these builders, I suppose you'd never seduce your Henry from his heaths and spinneys and I can't promise much about the shooting in the Moon, in fact Haddock's a little dubious about the boating because nobody really knows about the canals, or is that Mars, on the other hand it's not like Australia one gathers where you have to saw your way into the Bush, or out of it, and of course with the atom in your hand you can practically have what scenery you require, I mean you make a lake here and a mountain there and grow what you like in them, so I don't suppose it would be too long before we fitted the male appendages with the customary pursuits and hobbies, but of course the key-thing is to have the right category personnel, and my dear if the New World is going to be peopled with Youth Movements, Government Departments, observing Senators, chewing children and jitterbugging soldiery, and of course if the entire place is to be run half like a Borstal and half like a quick-lunch canteen, which Haddock says is civilization to-day, then perhaps there is something to be said for clinging to the old familiar planet during its few penultimate years, and by the way there is one thing that when the Big Bang happens even the Moon may not be too salubrious because of proximity, however I do think that if one's going to be as meticulous as all that one would never get anywhere, well don't you agree.

So there it is, I must desist now darling because I'm dining with Haddock at the House, first time since the New Era and quite a thrill, that is if he gets a table which I believe is generally prohibitive, because my dear it seems the old place has become a popular resort, not only do all the new Members spend the entire day on the premises, not having a mass of clubs like the old school it seems, but all their constituents swarm upon them

daily, eager for seats in the Gallery or beer, which Haddock says is too gratifying because for years he's been urging the populace to take an interest in the despised talking-shop, and now it seems they do, which of course is one valid result of that fallacious Election, however no more now darling, you might sound Henry about your coming on the Moon-party, don't tell him a word of course, only the general outline, as it were, farewell your faithful Topsy. A. P. H.

Leave Ship

IT is on the authority of the Admiralty that I am travelling as the only civilian passenger on the leave ship. My fellow-passengers are very decent about it and do not embarrass me with questions. I gather that they have evolved several theories to account satisfactorily for my presence, one being that I am a sword-swallower of some seniority who has been advising the Control Commission on the disarmament of the enemy, and another that I am being returned home after having been court-martialled and cashiered from a Mil. Gov. job for knowing some foreign language.

I find that I constitute practically a fourth Service, as whenever separate instructions are given over the loud-speakers to the Navy, Army and Air Force I am mentioned specially by name. On a matter of detail, it is not my name, as the sergeant-major who is acting as compère persists in reading it as "Mr. Gummy."

Conversation, after we have settled down, is general and lighthearted, if you can get far enough from a loud-speaker to indulge in it. The loud-speakers appear to be tuned in basically to a play of some sort, which no doubt one of the high-ups on the bridge is anxious not to miss, but which is being interrupted more or less continuously by reassuring messages from O.C. Troops regarding the tea which is to be served at eight o'clock, and the special arrangements on arrival for men on compassionate leave.

At the moment officers and men are being warned that they will be asked to pay duty on things like cameras if they have been acquired abroad. This is a signal for everyone to take out all his cameras and change their hiding-places.

I remark that I expect they must all be feeling pretty cheerful at the thought of meeting their loved ones so soon. A sad-eyed second-lieutenant



"And of course his mother's got a beautiful refrigerator in the country."

says Yes, there is that in it. He has the addresses of two or three loved ones who have been strongly recommended by chaps in the mess, but one never feels quite sure how they will turn out, and his own idea is to put in at least a week fishing.

The loud-speakers are now telling us exactly what will happen to any officer or man who is caught trying to smuggle in enemy arms or ammunition, specifying even the rules that will determine where the court-martial will be held, and leaving little doubt about what the findings will be. The captain in the gunners with the face rather like a knotty tactical problem on the sand-table says that this regulation was introduced in order to give a fair

chance, in the first ecstasy of reunion, to the loved ones, who are generally unarmed.

We have now heard enough of the play, on and off, to decide that it is not that laughable thing by Euripides which the B.B.C. usually does on Tuesdays, but definitely something historical, like the first landing of Cæsar, or the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. They are all using unmistakably historical voices and there is a mooniness about the music. This leads to an argument between an engineer subaltern and a pilot officer about the relative merits of the B.B.C. and Ensa.

The subaltern points out in fairness that you can always switch the wireless

off, or in emergency smash the valves; whereas last winter his field company had to move three times in a fortnight and erect two Bailey bridges, which got terribly in the way during the advance, in order to dodge an Ensa formation which was tracking them relentlessly with *East Lynne* and a two-hour impersonation of Dan Leno. The pilot officer says that the Ensa people are misunderstood and that if you only use kindness and tact it is quite easy to stall them off until you have built up a sufficient number of defaulters to fill the show. He says that most of the Ensa people are ordinary decent souls like us and him, and merely the victims of misfortune and a brutal system. He tells us the sad story which he had from one of the girls who, it seems, had been press-ganged by some of Basil Dean's braves and obliged to serve as a coloratura singer in spite of the fact that she had been gently brought up, her eldest son having been at one time Mayor of Blackpool.

We are now under way and we have orders through the loud-speakers to put on our lifebelts on account of the danger from stray mines. At least two of the hundred-odd officers comply. You can see that they have discipline in their blood.

Someone asks the pilot officer why R.A.F. people should have to come home by ship, which seems rather like a sparrow going to all the trouble and expense of taking a taxi. He says that the planes for England nowadays are so full of senior officers who have managed to think of good reasons for nipping across on duty that junior officers on leave are apt to get crowded out.

A young major in spectacles, who is evidently under the impression that I am a Labour M.P., has been trying for some time to talk to me about politics, to which he appears to be greatly addicted. The other people at the table are too junior to say what they think of this, but not too junior to think it, and they drift away. The major asks if I am any relation of the Staffordshire Gummies, and I deny it in a shocked voice. This rattles him a bit and he explains that he does not know them well. I reply that I should hope not.

The captain with the sand-table face is very decently signalling an offer to me to take a hand at pontoon at a nearby table, and the loud-speaker is giving an advance flash on the arrangements and order of precedence for the disembarkation in about five hours' time of the officers of the Royal Navy, the Army and the Royal Air Force, and Mr. Gummy. A. M. C.

At the Play

"FOLLOW THE GIRLS"
(HIS MAJESTY'S)

MR. ARTHUR ASKEY has kindly charity written over a large portion of his face—the area under glass I cannot speak for—and I am sure he will forgive me for having discovered that one of the main reasons why I find him so delightful is that he reminds me of somebody else's aunt. This is an odd thing, and I cannot help wondering if perhaps he has this strange quality for everyone, suggesting a kind of spirit of universal aunt. There is a lot of imp and gamin to him, but there is even more—and I say this with the utmost respect and, may I add, affection?—of the personality of a very active, knowing elderly female. Not the sort of aunt at all who would give you *Macaulay* for your birthday or trick you into going to a temperance meeting, but the sort to be found standing large rounds at tuck-shops, organizing scandalous charades, and even jabbing the *gendarm-erie* with her umbrella in the cause of freedom. My other discovery is that Mr. ASKEY'S humour has little to do with pathos. He is as far removed from Chaplin, for instance, as the sparrow from the lark, and if he tried to raise a lump in our throats he would only make us laugh the more. This is no short-coming, but an interesting difference in brand. His funniness springs from superb cheek and a gilt-edged fund of spontaneity.

This is a bright show, gaily mounted and conceived in an acceptable vein of lunacy. It has a foot neatly placed on either side of the Atlantic, the Navy being in the act of calling in at Long Island for the usual reasons that navies call in. A particular one is the presence in the canteen of a strip-tease dancer named *Bubbles* (Miss EVELYN DALL) who is quite enough to upset the magnetic bearings of any navigator. Mr. ASKEY, whose compass is utterly deflected, is obliged to become an honorary A.B., and soon finds himself in hot competition with a bull-necked petty officer to whom *Bubbles* is also

a powerful beacon. The routing of this unfortunate man provides the best scene of the evening when, drugged and put to bed to prevent his marrying *Bubbles*, he is persuaded by *Goofy* (Mr. ASKEY) and two of his mates that he is back at sea again. They rock his bed and offer him fat-sounding dishes until his face matches the green lights they play on him, and the imaginary ship is finally sunk to the accompaniment of much well-directed soda-water. Other good scenes find *Goofy* disguised as a Wren and in difficulties with an amorous Captain,

of the expert liaison officer, very useful in cementing the cracks in musical comedy. The Navy's reputation for agility is safe in the feet of Mr. JACK BILLINGS and Mr. VIC MARLOWE. Too lengthy a team for quotation heads the programme, but may I say briefly that the piece is staged with more than usual originality, that some of the lyrics are quite witty (though kindergartens should not be put on their distribution) and that I thought the music about average. As an ASKEY outing this is certainly to be recommended. ERIC.



SEA-SICKNESS BY PERSUASION

<i>Dinky Riley</i>	MR. JACK BILLINGS
<i>Spud Doolittle</i>	MR. VIC MARLOWE
<i>Goofy Gale</i>	MR. ARTHUR ASKEY

and camping out in a ceremonial cannon which the petty officer is doing his best to discharge. In all this nonsense Mr. ASKEY is to my mind unremittingly funny.

His chief conspirators back him up well. Miss DALL has exceptional charm and a voice that carries easily without benefit of mike. Her best song is a duet with Mr. ASKEY, of mutual admiration expressed in abbreviated adjectives, "You're Perf." Miss WENDY TOYE is a plum not often found in this kind of pudding, and her dances, arranged by herself, are delightful. Mr. HUGH FRENCH represents the Wavy Navy with distinction. He has a good voice and the manner

HUGH WILLIAMS does his able best, but it is uphill work. The play spends too much time on rackets and not enough on the problems of a P.O.W., and it makes a rather dull evening. Much the best of a number of minor character-sketches is Mr. REGINALD PURDELL'S alcoholic old trouser. ERIC.

Thanksgiving

I'm told to say thanks—and I do,
But for what I know no more than you;
Given more food and drink
I could mean it, I think,
For I'd rather say thank you than
queue.



"Good morning, madam, have you any accommodation with two m's?"

Our Booking Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

A Great War Book

EVERY now and then, among the innumerable books about the war, there is one which stands out as a faithful, vivid and undoctored transcript of experience. It would be difficult to overpraise *Farewell, Campo 12* (MICHAEL JOSEPH, 10/6), Brigadier JAMES HARGEST's narrative of his capture in November 1941 at Sidi Aziz, where he was in command of the 5th New Zealand Infantry Brigade, his imprisonment in Campo Concentramento 12, a fortress above Florence, and the long Odyssey which took him through Switzerland, France and Spain to Gibraltar. The book opens with his capture by Rommel, after an action in which all his guns were smashed or burned and their crews killed or wounded. Rommel, after a momentary annoyance because Brigadier HARGEST refused to salute him ("I was in the wrong, of course, but had to stick to my point"), treated him with every courtesy, and his experience of his captors generally, German and Italian, was quite favourable. Handed over to the Italians, he arrived eventually at Sulmona, near Rome, where he was housed in a building which fell short of its description, by an Italian with the national trait of desiring to please, as "a villa bathed in winter sunshine." There he met Brigadier Miles, with whom he was later to escape into Switzerland. From Sulmona he was moved to the Generals' Camp above Florence, which was two hundred miles nearer than Sulmona

to the Swiss frontier. The planning of his escape is described in detail; the preparation of civilian clothes, the physical training and the construction of dummies to deceive the officer who made a tour of inspection each morning at 1.30, and who insisted, in the subsequent inquiry, that one of the dummies had spoken to him. The escaping party had to tunnel their way out, and then came the journey to the Swiss frontier, full of agonizing incidents, culminating when one of them touched the high netting on the Swiss-Italian frontier, and "the world was full of the sound of bells." Of the six who escaped together, only he and Miles had reached Switzerland. "Miles and I loved Switzerland from the first," he writes, "and as the months passed we loved its people still more." His time on a farm near Berne with Rolf and Kathi Burgi, "the two best companions I had met in several years of wandering over the world," is an idyll which throws his past and future adventures into strong relief. Miles died after reaching Spain, and though he himself reached England, he was killed in Normandy two months after D Day. H. K.

Quia tulerunt Dominum

The Venerable Bede, the only English Father of the Church to attain repute as a commentator on the Gospels, remarked that the Risen Lord showed himself to the disciples at dusk because that is the time when they would be most afraid. In our contemporary twilight, when even believers have a notion that faith has largely to maintain itself unsupported by strict evidence, it is important to exhibit the historical fact of the Resurrection as Christ Himself exhibited it—with a special and clinching emphasis for doubters like St. Thomas. This Mr. ARNOLD LUNN sets out to do in *The Third Day* (BURNS, OATES, 10/6). So much recent research, historical and scientific, has gone to stiffen the Christian position, that Christians, he feels, have little excuse for not becoming effective apologists; and unbelievers have even less excuse for not weighing Christian credentials. He therefore surveys the miracles, of which the Resurrection is the chief, resuming both their evidence and the objections of their opponents. Founded on wide reading and eminently readable, his book argues the ineffectiveness of Christianity without miracles—modernism; and—though this is not perhaps essential to his case—takes the view that the miracles without Christianity which have accompanied the growth of spiritualism are futile and malign. H. P. E.

Mr. O'Connor in Fairyland

The Midnight Court is a rollicking, spirited and slangy poem in Irish Gaelic, written in the eighteenth century by a school-teacher from County Clare called Brian Merriman. It is the story of a vision which the poet has while lying under a tree on a midsummer day with his face carefully shaded from the flies. To him appears Eeuvl of the Gray Rock (the Queen of Munster mythology), who takes him to a fairy court of justice on the mountain-side; here the local girls are pleading that there is a scarcity of husbands and regretting that the well-fed priests have to remain celibate. The Queen finds in their favour and the girls turn and attack the poet tooth and nail as the vision fades away. The student of literature will realize at once that this is the old stock "dream debate" of fourteenth-century poetry, and that the people in it—(le jaloux, la mal mariée, the priest and the maiden) are the stock mediæval characters; the only wonder is that Merriman, writing in 1780, could have produced such a gay, spirited and colloquial poem in a form which was already about forty years out of

date. But this idea does not seem to have crossed the mind of Merriman's Irish admirers. He has received unstinted praise, especially for his European culture, for which there is no evidence whatever, and Yeats (who referred to him as Giolla Meidhre) thought he might have founded a modern Gaelic literature. In spite of all this it is difficult to see why Mr. FRANK O'CONNOR has decided to publish his translation of *The Midnight Court* (MAURICE FRIDBERG, 6/-). It is not a bit better than the last one, which was by Percy Ussher and appeared in 1926; neither of them make any attempt to reproduce the rich, intricate rhymes of the original; Mr. O'CONNOR expurgates a good deal less, and that is all. However, the attacks in his preface on the Limerick Board of Works and on a certain Professor Corkery, who, apparently, has dismissed Merriman as a "coarse jester," suggest hidden motives of which we know nothing. Meanwhile the book has charming decorations and is a good example of modern printing in Dublin.

P. M. F.

And So to Bed

Forever Amber (MACDONALD, 12/6) is basically in the kitchen-drawer category of novelette but is distinguished from it by much patient historical adaptation and by the fact that it is eight hundred pages long. When the first copy arrived in Hollywood there must have been scenes of great gladness, except in the Hays Office, for which there lurk at least eight hundred headaches. What Miss KATHLEEN WINSOR has done, apart, I have no doubt, from making a fortune, is to soak herself in the backstairs gossip of the Restoration and work it into an episodic account of the rise of a village beauty, by a display of cupidity and ruthlessness rare even in that period, to be head-girl in the royal school for scandal. The result is readable and varied and, heaven knows, romantic in a celluloid way, but it has two grave drawbacks: one is that at no point would one have been sorry if a ton of bricks had fallen on the heroine's head, and the other is that Miss WINSOR's manifest ability to handle a big, intrigue-ridden plot is scarcely matched by her powers of characterization. Most of the actors in this amorous pageant are picturesque but flat, an exception being Charles, who is rather well drawn. Her dramatic reconstruction of the Plague is the best piece of writing in the book and suggests, with some vivid descriptions of life in London, that something better is within her reach. Whether it really matters that seventeenth-century English characters should be made to say "Right now," and "I'd like to have you meet my family" is a point of aesthetics I find difficult to decide. E. O. D. K.

"Greekish Island"

The seventeenth-century Englishman appears to have seen the Greek aspect of Corfu. Mr. LAWRENCE DURRELL, whose forbears once helped to rule the island, stresses its Latin qualities. Turkey and Venice meet in the décor of its churches. The Odyssey legend lingers in its bays and islets. It was Corfu perhaps, and not Zante, where Shakespeare mentally established *Prospero's Cell* (FABER, 10/6). In our own day "Corcyra" has enjoyed a Balkan peasant economy, founded on the olive-groves subsidized by the Venetians. And a pre-this-war residence there, in a fisherman's cottage, with peasants, fishermen, poets, professors and recluse but hospitable nobles for friends and neighbours, should have produced, one feels—perhaps will yet produce?—a more competent book than this delightful but exasperating volume. Its objective passages are admirable. There is the Karaghios puppet-play. There is the octopus-fishing by night, with carbide lamps and

tridents. But, perhaps because it was hastily put together, it lapses now and again into poeticized reverie, where second thoughts would have urged that a golden theme needs no gilding. Seven memorable reproductions of Edward Lear's Corfu landscapes prove that the English occupation of 1814-64 produced even more impressive vestiges than cricket, apple-chutney and stone-bottled ginger-beer.

H. P. E.

Sir Evelyn Wrench

In *Immortal Years* (HUTCHINSON, 18/-) Sir EVELYN WRENCH, founder of the Overseas League, gives an account of his activities during the war. A great traveller, he had been in Tokyo in 1937, where he found it "difficult to recall that this forceful and unfriendly nation had been our ally fourteen years before," and in Germany during the summer of 1939, where a German friend advised him to be back in England by September 1. Reaching England three days before that date, he remained there till the following August, when he left for the New World, later regretting that his sailing had not taken place a few weeks later, so that he might have been in England for the Battle of Britain. After a lecture tour in Canada and the States, Sir EVELYN spent some time in Australia and New Zealand, passed through Singapore two months before Pearl Harbour, and arrived in India. There, at the invitation of Lord Linlithgow, he became American Relations Officer to the Government of India, in which position he was able to assist a number of American journalists to see the Indian situation from the British standpoint. His account of Indian politics, which includes conversations with Gandhi and Nehru, is interesting in itself, and gains a certain solidity from his skill in describing the actual country—"Families were preparing their evening meals on the roadside; men, women, children and dogs were scratching themselves; men were being shaved by deft-handed barbers; underfed coolies were pulling great burdens; . . . while everywhere one went, in every street and on every pavement, was the eternal cow."

H. K.



"I think he's picking it up rather well."

Home Chat

"HULLO, Peter, back already? Did you have a nice time?"

"Yes, it was lovely, mummy. Daddy nearly had a fight."

"Oh, no! Not again! Darling, how can you be so tiresome? You know how it embarrasses everyone."

"Darling, I assure you that for your sake I did my best to keep my temper. All you have heard so far is that I nearly had a fight. Is it fair to jump to the conclusion that I was in the wrong, especially when I love you so much? You are my doting wife, are you not? And this my devout son, Peter? Is there no loyalty in our family at all? For all you know, the row was about you."

"If it was it would have shown nicer manners in front of Peter if you had just walked away with your head in the air."

"Are those the tactics that have won this war?"

"They are the tactics that might have kept us out of it."

"Darling, I must explain that when I am insulted . . ."

"I don't suppose you were insulted at all. All these fights you so nearly have with people are because you cannot stand being teased, and I do think it incongruous in front of me—or Peter . . ."

"Peter was delighted."

"I dare say. But it is quite enough to have one man with a broken nose in the family, thank you. I would like you to remember, darling, you are NOT in THE ARMY NOW."

"You do surprise me."

"I realize that all the time you have been away you have lacked the restraining influence of a good home. I do not forget that you had to walk four hundred miles across Europe in rags, and I quite appreciate that at the end of it you may have felt a little edgy. But that is some time ago, and . . ."

"Tell mummy what the row was about, Peter."

"Daddy told a man that before he went back to business he was going to have some leave, and the man laughed and said 'Ha!' So daddy said 'What do you mean, Ha?' And the man said: 'Well, after having one long holiday ever since 1939, you now propose, it seems, to have another at our expense.'"

"I suppose he was pulling your leg."

"You must know, darling, this man

was not some stranger outside a pub at closing time, but a director of my company, whom I met in Brayes, which is where I was giving Peter lunch. And what annoyed me most was that he turned to another fellow who is also on the board, and said 'You hear that, Merryweather? Been in the Army all through the war, and now wants a holiday before he comes back!' And this fellow Merryweather said 'A bit rich, I must say.'"

"Well, darling, perhaps he was just being funny."

"When a man is being funny, my sweet, he should not leave other people wondering whether that is what he was being."

"And the man said, mummy, that all the time daddy had been in the Army enjoying the best of everything, with good food and plenty of cigarettes and beer and warm blankets at night, and no bombing . . ."

"Because everyone knew they always stuck Army camps in safe places . . . they had had the greatest difficulty to keep the show running . . . and the flag flying . . ."



"Fortunately we managed to pick up a few pieces of furniture second-hand."

"So that daddy would have something to come back to."

"And now that I had come back, they thought I should show my gratitude to them by starting at the office immediately, so that they could get away for a short holiday before the Indian summer was over."

"He was only teasing, darling."

"Does he suppose, then, that I have been one of these Whitehall warriors? I would have him know that I have served my country . . ."

"Yes, darling, we have all served the country, but there are so many people saying so that it is getting a little difficult to know exactly which of us . . ."

"Daddy told him about the Commandos, mummy, and all the man would say was that as daddy seemed to have been touring the Continent at the taxpayers' expense . . ."

"Who was this person, darling? I do think he really sounds rather amusing."

"I did not think that myself, sweet, until I found that he had a flat to let, and was only waiting to select a suitable tenant for it. Then I did begin to feel that he was not a bad chap at all. So I turned the whole thing off, and let him poke his fun, while I put in my claim for his flat. And it turned out then that he felt in a difficult position, because in the last twenty-four hours he had had a fellow after it from the Navy, who had been in the *Altmark* or something; and yet he had rather intended to keep it up his sleeve in case some Spitfire pilot came along who had survived the Battle of Britain; while his wife felt that it really ought to go to some Londoner who had been bombed out twice. So rather than cause any unpleasantness, or make an invidious choice, he had decided to let it go that day to this fellow Merryweather, who had been living in Maidenhead all through the war, but who wanted to come back to London now things were quieter, the deciding factor being that he was prepared to pay four times as much rent as anyone else could afford."

"And the reason daddy nearly had a fight, mummy . . ."

"Was that it suddenly dawned upon me he had never had a flat to let at all, and he could only say he was left with the uneasy feeling that during the war I had lost my sense of humour."

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Creators of Loveliness...



The symbol of
loveliness
that lasts

INTERIOR DECORATORS

The urge to decorate is as old as time, and many public buildings and private homes demonstrate the skill of the professional interior decorator.

Most women, however, prefer to plan their own domestic background. Courtalds lovely furnishing fabrics will give unlimited scope for individual tastes

Courtalds

THE GREATEST NAME IN RAYON

**What a
bride was
told about
her husband.**

"IF HE is a little irritable in the mornings," his mother had said, "don't take any notice. It's just that often after a hard day, his digestion is too tired to cope with supper. As you know, one's digestion ought to be resting at night, not working. I should give him a cup of Benger's at supper or last thing. Benger's helps you to digest your food, soothes you and sends you to bed with all the nourishment of a satisfying meal. You sleep well and wake up fresh and fit... try it! Benger's has a delicious flavour."

Why Benger's Food is good for you

There are active enzymes in Benger's Food which partially pre-digest the milk, break up the tough curds. You get the full nutriment of the milk in an easily digestible form with the added nourishment of Benger's itself. Benger's to-day, is as easy to make as a cup of cocoa. At chemists and grocers, from 1/9 a tin.



Household Milk and
Tinned Evaporated
Milk both make
delicious Benger's.
Try it!



LINIA BELTS

Made-to-order Linia Belts can only be supplied for customers who produce doctors' certificates. 1939 price and no purchase tax.

A few standard sizes are in stock at our various branches. 1939 price, plus purchase tax.

Our Re-conditioning Service can make the Linia you have almost as good as new. Moderate charges.

J. ROUSSEL LTD.

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This world famed Sherry (formerly called Findlater's Fino) could not be registered under that name and thereby protected from imitators. For the safeguarding therefore of our world-wide clientele we have re-named it—Findlater's Dry Fly Sherry.

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- EASY STARTING
 - SMOOTH RUNNING
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you're a welcome customer!

That's what I like
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hand-forged — that's why

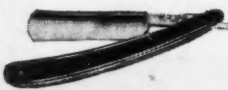
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KROPP

shaves so luxuriously and
LASTS SO LONG

The Craftsmen who make this famous razor believe that there's no razor to equal the hand-forged KROPP. So do users all over the world. British-made from fine Sheffield steel. Lasts a lifetime. No grinding. No upkeep costs.

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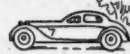
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Soap
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Try Scrubb's in your bath. A few drops soften the water, refresh and invigorate.

FOR ALL HOUSEHOLD
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QUALITY & ACCURACY OVERHAULS

EVERY TYPE
OF ENGINE



EVERY TYPE
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Best British Brushes

A Norfolk
War Medallist**THERE IS NO PEACE...**

for these splendid men. Round our coasts the perils of war are over, but the work of the Life-boat Service will go on. Its perils remain. Your help is needed.

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The Earl of Harrowby, Hon. Treasurer
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Potter's Asthma Remedy gives instant relief from coughing and chest tightness. It enables you to carry on your daily occupation and regain those nights of restful sleep. Free from opiates. Does not affect the heart. Keep a tin of Potter's in the home against future attacks. Good for Croup, Hay Fever, Whooping Cough, etc.

**POTTER'S
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Supplied by all Chemists, Herbalists and Stores at 2/2 including Purchase Tax.

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GUARANTEED 100% NON-SLIP

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Awarded 64 Gold Medals.

In case of difficulty write for name of nearest stockist to:
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SOLITAIRE Shoe Polish de Luxe



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VERMOUTH**

a good name —
a fair price

In quality, in character, in price, Votrix has kept faith with the public. Supplies will still be restricted for some time to come. But—go where you will, pay what you please—you will get no better Vermouth in Britain today than Votrix at 9/- the bottle—made with the juice of Empire grapes; cunningly flavoured with aromatic herbs to a secret recipe.

SWEET OR DRY 9/-

Produced and bottled by
Vine Products Ltd., Kingston, Surrey.

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MAXIMUM RETAIL PRICE
25/3 per bottle.

Note these Facts

COLDS AND 'FLU have one thing in common with Neuritis, Headache, Toothache, Sleeplessness and Rheumatism :

safe and speedy relief can be obtained from them all by taking two tablets of 'Genasprin'.

Taken in the early stages, 'Genasprin' will ward off a Cold or 'Flu'. It circulates in the blood and gradually releases minute doses of salicylic acid, a potent antiseptic which combats cold and 'flu germs. In the later stages of 'flu 'Genasprin' can be used, with perfect safety to reduce the temperature and calm throbbing nerves.

'Genasprin' is the completely pure, completely safe form of aspirin that will not harm the heart or digestion. Ask your chemist for it; he has it in stock at 1/5d. and 2/3d. 'Genasprin' is one of the things for which it is *not* necessary to accept a substitute.

At any time of strain or pain
'GENASPRIN'
sees you through!

The word 'Genasprin' is the registered trade mark of Genetoss Limited, Loughborough, Leicestershire.

QUEEN ANNE PURE SCOTCH WHISKY

IN THE
BETTER PLACES



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**HILL THOMSON &
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Holders of Royal
Appointment to
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HILL THOMSON & CO. LTD
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Recharged at home from your mains. No battery required. Several hours' continuous light. Thousands in use. Fully guaranteed. The "King of Pocket Lamps." Direct or from Dealers. Send for interesting Leaflet A.50.



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Bacon Curers to H.M. King George VI
Previous appointment to the late King George V
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famous for Bacon since 1770

For six years our food factories have been, and still are, almost entirely engaged in producing Bacon, Sausages and Canned Meats for the Ministry of Food and Armed Forces. The more plentiful days to come will bring back to you many Harris delicacies including—

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Many of the characteristics of houses planned for the coming years can now be specified with certainty. Quite unmistakable is the immensely enhanced importance of thermal insulation in which Celotex insulating board excels. Celotex products will play a big part in the new developments for floors, roofs, ceilings, walls and partitions, and for many other purposes. In the acoustical field also, Celotex offers many outstanding advantages.

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Members of the Building Board Manufacturers Association.

All shrewd Judges smoke

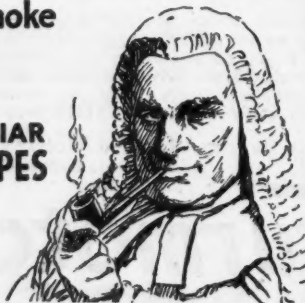
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**BRIAR
PIPES**

The demand for Orlik pipes far exceeds the supply, but the quality is still as good as ever. If you have difficulty in obtaining a genuine Orlik London-made pipe, please write to us for address of the nearest Tobacconist who can supply you.

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Also **PETROL LIGHTERS & POUCHES**
Orlik wind-proof Petrol Lighters give a sure light for cigarette or pipe, indoors or out. Orlik Pouches in a variety of styles.

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**SUPERLATIVE
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IN NORMAL TIMES THE BEST SHOPS HAVE THE **VALSTAR "777" RAINCOAT**—SUPPLIES NOW, HOWEVER, ARE STRICTLY LIMITED.

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**RATTRAY'S
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Many discriminating pipe smokers have found Rattray's tobacco simply by trial and error, but having found it they have become firm friends of their pipes as well as the tobacco. This unasked-for testimonial proves this statement—if proof is needed.

A customer writes from Bletchley—
"In your Old Gowrie tobacco, I sincerely thank you for a clean, sweet, and altogether delightful smoke."

Obtainable only from

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TOBACCO BLENDER
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Price 50/- per lb., Post Paid
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embodying the
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CATARRH-ANTISEPTIC THROAT**

Thomas Kerfoot & Co. Ltd.
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P1

Clarks have the simplicity — shoe of bright leather, in an exciting range of colours and to be seen again styles by



Clarks

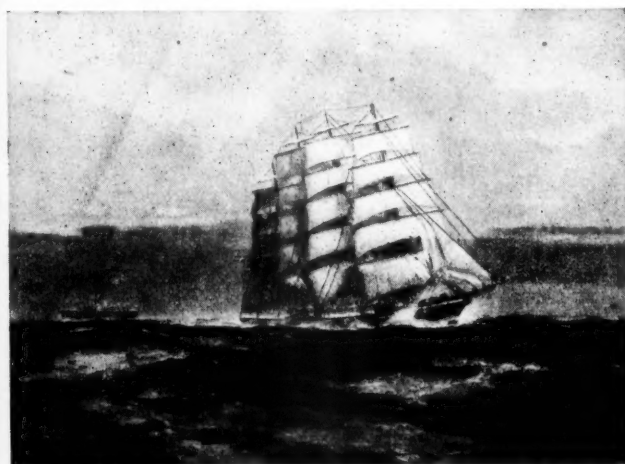
Clarks of Street have retailers in nearly every town. Should this model not be in stock, please choose from the styles you find available.



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Sailormen are not of one mind upon the necessity of training in sail, but the fine cadet training ships of recent years embodied all that was best in design and construction. The arts of ropework and rigging are the delight of the man "trained in sail," and he is a discriminating user of ropes and sailcloth. Cordage, canvas and wire ropes for many of these fine cadet ships were supplied by British Ropes Limited, and our unit companies. It is our aim and tradition to provide products to fulfil the most exacting requirements of first-class seamanship.

BRITISH ROPES LIMITED

Manufacturers of Wire Rope, Wire, Hemp Cordage and Canvas
Head Office: DONCASTER
Offices, Works and Stores throughout Great Britain

"— SO SOME
BRYLCREEM
IS STILL OBTAINABLE"

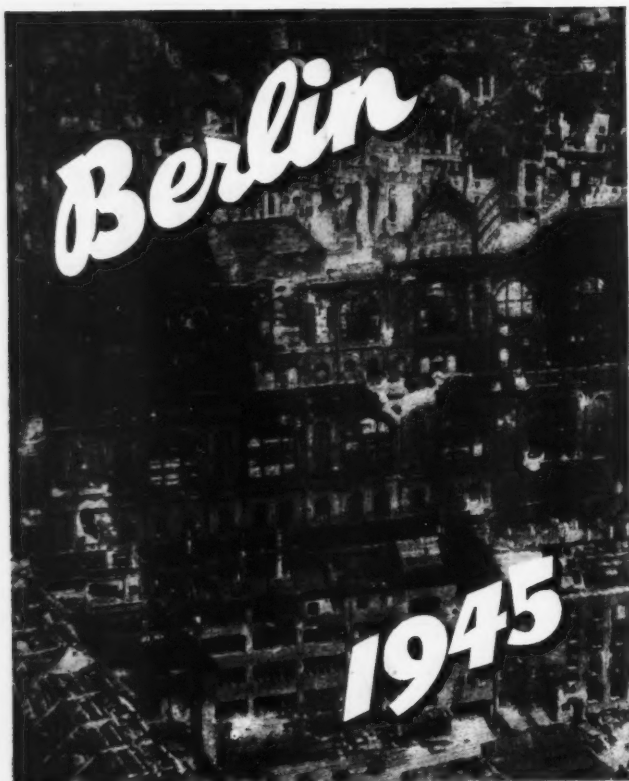


Yes, but like most good things it's scarce. Perhaps it won't be so long now before more plentiful times come round. Meanwhile when you do get a bottle please use it sparingly.

**BRYLCREEM —
THE PERFECT
HAIR DRESSING**

County Perfumery Co., Ltd., 17-19 Stratford Place, London, W.1.

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On the Continent of Europe the work of the guns and the bombers is over but the work of the Y.M.C.A. must go on. There are many thousands of our fighting men still on duty in Germany, France, Belgium and Holland, and amidst the ruins and disorganisation of normal life they need the help of the Y.M.C.A. as much as ever. Don't let them feel neglected now they have finished the fighting. A lot of money is needed to enable the Y.M.C.A. to extend and develop its recreational facilities—clubs, libraries and hostels—where they are still most urgently needed. Please help with your contribution today.



Donations may be sent to the Lord Mayor of London (Sir Frank Alexander), Acting President of the Y.M.C.A. War and National Service Fund, 112, Great Russell Street, London, W.C.1. (Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940)

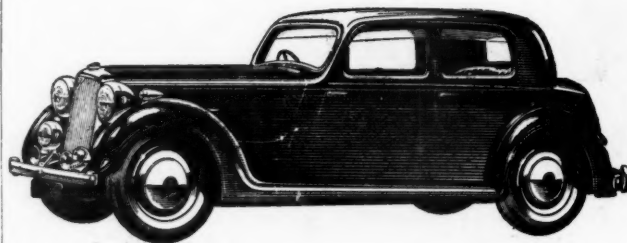


The plans for the conversion of the Rover factories to peace-time production are now in operation and deliveries against Ministry of War Transport Licences will commence in the near future.

In general design, the new models will differ little from the Rover models current at the outbreak of war, except for the addition of further detail refinements which follow the Rover tradition of quality.

ROVER

One of Britain's Fine Cars



THE ROVER COMPANY LIMITED,
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